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RUSSIAN LIBERAL THEOLOGY

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"For about a thousand years," Menshikov wrote lately in the *Novoe Vremia*, "orthodoxy has existed among the Russian people. For about a thousand years the poorly educated but devout clergymen have been able to communicate their faith to the good-hearted and ignorant people. But something catastrophic has happened, and this great religious mood began to die out, at first among the aristocracy, then among the intellectual classes, then among the clergy. Finally, when the pastors began to desert their charges, their flocks also scattered."

The pessimistic forebodings of the Russian publisher are not the declarations of a mind imbued with preconceived religious opinions, nor the shout of alarm of a timid heart, for Menshikov boasts of being a constant and true son of the Russian orthodox church. On the contrary, his words are the sincere expression of an evolution of Russian religious consciousness which is taking place among the leading classes in the social and literary life of Russia. Notwithstanding the firmly planted roots of its historical past, the gorgeous pomp of its liturgy, the unsurpassed beauty of its religious chants, and the majestic splendor of its rites; notwithstanding its political value as the predominating state religion and its naturalization in the Russian soul, orthodox Christianity in Russia is facing a serious crisis.

Russian writers, clinging to the ancient religious traditions of their own country, cannot refrain from lampooning with pungent witticisms and gibes the Russian aristocrats who leave their native soil to kill time in the perverse atmosphere of the most corrupted European centers, affecting German or French. The worst of it is that they make little of the orthodox inheritance of their forefathers and fall a prey to the basest materialism, or are lost in the maze of agnosticism, or betray both Russian fatherland and

Russian church by enslaving their minds under Roman Catholicism. The Russian aristocracy is indeed orthodox in name, but they no longer quench their thirst at the wellsprings of the Christian life.

The higher intellectual classes, in turn, feel a contempt for the church which nourished them. Russian universities, too, are the sanctuaries of deified reason. In their halls Christ no longer utters his appeals, while religious oddities and fancies and the extravagances of philosophers are taught to a youth morally perverted and mentally stumbling in darkness. To quote a just expression of Rt. Rev. Sergius, archbishop of Finland, "We are now witnessing in Russia a divorce between church and intelligence, and the responsibility for that moral gloom hinges largely upon the ignorance and clumsiness of the Russian clergy." Sacred learning, with the exception of the Canon Law, church history, and a rudimentary course of Christian apologetics, has been put under ban by the universities. Theological studies are frowned upon as a dialectical game of diseased minds or of sophists in idle moments. Christianity is not inwardly lived within the Russian orthodox church. Theological papers have a very small circulation. Suffice it to say that the *Ecclesiastical Messenger* of Sergiev Posad, the leading organ of Russian theological thought, counts only 1,500 subscribers.

This weaning of the Russian intelligence from the Russian church has forged two types, two antithetical systems of Russian theological thought. At the present Russia is possessed of a lay and of a clerical theology. We have there the official theology of the church and the autonomous theology of the intelligence; a theological thought bound in the swaddling clothes of the narrowest conservatism and a theological thought roaming in the boundless breadth of free speculation. We are witnesses to a dramatic conflict. On the one side is a theological culture which worships the idol of authority, holds tradition as the supreme and ultimate norm of truth, overrates the value of formulas, hunts down doctrinal novelties, and regards lethargic slumber of mind as the main characteristic of the true Christian spirit. On the other hand, we have a theological culture which hoists the standard of revolt against the ossification of ideas, throws off servility to systems and

conceptions begotten and elaborated in ancient times, refuses respect to the dogmatic rehandling of Christian truth, breaks down the fetters of dogmatic definitions, and yearns after fulness of life, the spell of newness, the independence of reason. This is a theological culture which dreams of a new Christianity rising from the scattered débris of its ancient foundations, a Christianity trumpeting to the world the thrilling event of new revelations and new inspiration of the Holy Spirit, a Christianity which will be able to realize new syntheses in the moral and spiritual life of mankind, to nourish with food fresh from heaven the peoples athirst for light, truth, and justice, a Christianity which shall open new eras in the story of the perennial onward sweep of the Christian religion.

The antagonism between these two types of culture is very sharp. It opens a yawning abyss between the church of the Russian hierarchy and the church of the individual mind. It arrays on hostile battlefields the followers of tradition and the believers in free intelligence. It gives decided contours to the religious yearnings of the awakening Russian soul, and at the same time it stimulates the dozing energies of orthodox theological thought.

On the crest of this wave which separates two spiritual worlds the gigantic figure of Leo Tolstoi attracts attention. Historian, philosopher, novelist, above all a psychologist, a pitiless and unrivaled analyzer of the human heart, Tolstoi is the chief embodiment of those anarchical instincts which, according to Berdiaev, lie at the bottom of the Russian heart. Tolstoi's anarchism expands over all the forms and varieties of man's life, passes over social, civic, religious, military institutions as the fiery breath of the desert over a luxuriant vegetation, with the fury of a hurricane beheads even the glorious flowers of the arts, and holds that the perfection of manhood is to be found in the barren steppes of religious nihilism. By reason of his attempts at a rehandling of the gospel, of his denials of the logical soundness and aesthetic beauty of Christianity, of his effort to compress within the narrow inclosure of the human intellect the values which we discover in the foundations of traditional Christian thought, Tolstoi is assuredly the founder and master of the lay theology of Russia, the

prophet and apostle of a Christianity renewed in its inner structure and reared upon an entirely new basis. In his famous *Criticism of the Orthodox Theology of Macarius*, a metropolitan of Moscow, he lays the ax to the roots of the majestic though barren tree of orthodox Christianity.

Yet the religious, or rather the irreligious, conceptions of Tolstoi have not succeeded in mastering the popular mind. His tenets, both religious and political, when applied to the daily social life by a handful of Duchoborts came into collision with the legal violence of the state and resulted in a tragic failure. The ideal religion of Tolstoi, summed up in his chief tenet of non-resistance to evil, is not appropriate to real life. It demands a degree of heroism beyond our reach; it overthrows convictions deeply rooted in the social mind; it carries with it the denial of fundamental rights which neither society nor individuals are willing to surrender; it claims such a moral perfection in human beings as to make evil vanish from the world.

In like manner Tolstoi's religion does not satisfy the demands and requirements of a man's heart, does not further the development of the searching mind, which from time to time craves the perennial vision of a light radiating from above. The religious thought of Tolstoi is a destructive power, a solvent that decomposes and volatilizes the substantial elements of the Christian faith and cripples the factors of Christian religiousness. Tolstoi, a wonderful master in the analysis of the passions, has been a narrow-minded builder in the doctrinal synthesis. His dexterity, that of a strategist who discovers at a glance the weakest point of a hostile army, failed whenever he undertook the task of erecting a citadel for the little host of his own followers. It is therefore no matter of wonder that the greatest of the Russian religious thinkers, though continuing Tolstoi's criticism of historic Christianity and inheriting his spirit, set some limits to the field of their investigations, and even dropped the irreligious radicalism of their master. No doubt they look for the Kingdom of God in their own consciousness, but they also see that Christianity as a religion of the spirit fills the veins of the social body with the purest blood. Tolstoi's religious nihilism led the way to the "undogmatic" Christianity of

those modern Russian thinkers contemptuously called theologians of the decadence, to whom we are indebted for the awakening of lay theology and of the bright views of the religion of the future.

At the head of the new school of religious thought in Russia stand Demetrius Merezhkovsky and Basil Rozanov. The former is the brilliant novelist who, with an intense dramatic feeling and most vivid colors, pictures the tumultuous life of that remote age when evangelical Christianity, becoming altered and disfigured, began its period of doctrinal exhaustion. The novel of his famous trilogy entitled *Julian the Apostate* is a striking portraiture of that doctrinal stage of Christian thought which smothered the life of the Gospels in dialectic and inaugurated the era of spiritual bondage and of hierarchical despotism.

Less systematic, yet bolder in his criticism of historic Christianity, Basil Rozanov, a philosopher and a man of letters, has forged a style of his own, a style apocalyptic, now sweetly warbling as the soft rhythm of a love song, now rude and bristling with barbarism. And in the footsteps of these two famous leaders other thinkers in Russia are searching for the Christianity of the coming generations, are setting a battering-ram against the venerable citadels of Christian dogmatism, are exploring the skies in the hope of gazing upon the radiance of the new-rising sun of justice.

Minsk sounds the rational depths of a mysticism built on a philosophical basis, a mysticism, too, for which the idea of God does not suffice.

Nicholas Berdiaev foretells a new descent of the Holy Spirit, to realize the harmonious synthesis of the revelation of the Father with that of the Son. Prince Eugenius Trubeckoi pours invectives of fire upon the Bastille of the spirit, the walls reared up by the dogmatist of Christianity, who aimed at holding thought in thralldom. And notwithstanding their destructive tenets, Russian liberals still are dwelling within the pale of the orthodox church. Whatever may be said of the rigid formalism and the doctrinal intolerance of orthodox Christianity, such men are seemingly convinced that the radicalism of their conceptions is not at a variance with such free inspiration as orthodox Christianity permits to its followers. They boast of being the orthodox of the spirit and

look down upon the orthodox of the formulas, the theologians of the traditional orthodoxy. They are the pioneers of a new living creed, the explorers of a "New Path" (*Novii Put*). Such was the title of their leading organ, which appeared at Petrograd in 1902, and which, like all the products of novelty-loving speculation, died after a brief career.

Now, what are the main grounds of Russian liberalism? A recent critic and hater of the new school of thought, Paul Stepanov, emphasizes a striking difference between the Russian lay theology and the liberal systems of Western Christianity. According to him, the latter are built up by methodical minds and lay the foundations of their religious criticism upon the scientific principles of knowledge. Russian liberalism, on the contrary, rests on a moving field. It is the offspring of fragmentary speculation. It reveals the meretricious brilliancy of unconnected thoughts, of dazzling metaphors, of startling paradoxes. There is no organic unity in its schemes; there is no steadiness of doctrine in its assertions; there is no logical connection between its tenets. Its features are unsettled, indefinite, wavering, like the flame of a candle flickering to the capricious wind of a nocturnal breeze. Russian liberals are wayward wights, who preach a new religion without knowing what they believe in, what they rest upon, and why they raze to the ground the majestic columns of Christian dogmatic. Confusion is the chief characteristic of their unfortunate attempts at a new philosophy of religion.

There is, indeed, some truth in such a biased stricture of Russian liberalism. Like all religious and philosophical systems which lived before it, Russian liberalism has neither unity of doctrine nor strictness of logical rules. It is, indeed, rather the achievement of a religious individualism than the well-settled program of a new philosophy of Christianity. It embodies a trend of mind rather than a system of doctrines. Nevertheless, its main features stand out in strong relief against the dark background of its wavering conceptions. The fundamentals of the Russian liberalism may be described as follows: (1) Evangelical Christianity has undergone the deadly influence of an evil power which has preyed upon its heart, tarnished its purity, and enfeebled its force. (2) The decay

of historic Christianity is the result of a dogmatic elaboration of the Christian truth, an elaboration which superseded the worship of the spirit by the worship of formulas. (3) The survival of Christianity will be found in the free activity and the autonomous development of the vitalizing powers of Christian thought, which have been thus far crippled and mutilated. (4) In the revival of Christianity the free development of the human mind will be interwoven with the constant action of the Deity, whose Word never ceases disclosing to men new forms of religious life, new interpretations and new meanings of revealed truth. Russian liberalism is thus a complex and confused movement. It takes its start from the sure ground of historical criticism only to meander into a philosophical mysticism grounded on a neo-Platonic basis and to culminate at length in a visionary mysticism which expands in floating worlds of imagination.

According to this view, Christianity passed through a period of intellectual stagnation which withered the luxury of its vegetation and destroyed the perfume of its evangelical flowers. The moral catastrophe of Christianity, the slow but fatal drooping of its life, the corpse-like rigidity of its members, are the saddest result of the dogmatic battles which raged unceasingly between the fourth and the seventh centuries. The church devoted its speculative powers to the formulation of dogmatic definitions, to the probing of mysteries which are out of our reach, to hedging in revealed truth by syllogisms; and thus it allowed the spirit of the gospel to vanish in the mists of theological rationalism. The aroma of the Christian life, the redolence of its virtues, the matchless simplicity of its words, were lost when it came in touch with Christian dogmatism. The untaught eloquence of the fishers of Galilee seemed vapid to the refined taste of dogmatists perfectly acquainted with all the subtleties of dialectics. Clement of Alexandria and Origen were the standard-bearers of the new school of thought. The tinsel of their learning replaced the pure gold of the Gospels. The Christian truth sank under the burden of the counterfeit jewels of the gentile philosophers, stained its brow with the rouge of Greek and Roman coxcombs, wrapped itself in the leaden cloak of a ponderous erudition, appropriated to itself the methods and aims of that

human scholarship which overloads the mind while drying up the inward life of the spirit.

Christianity, rigid in its crystallized forms, was like fossil bones which no longer have a place among the living. A barren, prattling, gossiping, squabbling dogmatic superseded the life-giving teaching of the gospel. Instead of imbuing the spirits of the masses with the spirit of Christ, instead of applying to social and individual life the rules of Christian ethics, evil-hearted Pharisees and the dregs of the populace at Byzantium jangled in the streets, in the squares, in the hippodrome, grappled with the problems of the divine procession, the two wills in Christ, the unity of nature and essence in God. Churches, monasteries, council halls, became the arenas of dialectical pugilism and of tragicomical tilts.

Thus as time went on dogmaticians degraded the sublime majesty of Christ's religion and heaped up rubbish around his sanctuary.

The Christian truth [writes Rozanov], a rain dropping down from heaven, a food for Godhead, a fountain springing out from a celestial source, a palm bower filled with mysterious shadows, the Eden of the spirit and mind, the Christian truth sank into a religion of antiquarians, into a bureaucratic routine, into a matter of ceaseless wranglings, into a frolicsome pastime of idle pedants, into an ever-growing sparkling of divisions, into a brand of social perturbations.

Men no longer thought under the guidance of the Spirit living within us. The knowledge of God they drew from books, from the dead letter of ecclesiastical tradition, from the unguarded statements of pagan philosophy, from the vagaries of self-styled mystics. It was in vain that souls athirst for truth asked the church that they might cross the threshold of God's sanctuary. The eminent shepherds of the hierarchy or the mouthpieces of sacred learning answered them only with mathematical axioms, with thoroughly elaborated words, with unwarranted principles, with irksome gibberish about mysteries in God. True Christianity, that Christianity which spread its boughs over all the world, and gathered all peoples under their shelter, and fertilized its roots with the blood of its martyrs, the Christianity of, I say, the golden Apostolic age, sank down, faded away, in the chains of a rigid dogmatism. It became a historical religion, which holds, no doubt, a foremost

place in the story of the religious evolution of mankind, which looks like a huge edifice built up on geometrical lines. The great mistake, the ruinous illusion of historic Christianity, lies in the barren worship of the dogmatic formulas, which have been wrongly magnified as the echo of the fullest and purest teaching of Christ.

To the Russian liberals the ecumenical definitions of the Christian faith are but rudimentary schemes and ephemeral utterances of religious thought in a given period of time. If human life is a ceaseless succession of sunrises and sunsets, of light and darkness, of shouts of victory and silences of the tomb, even the life of the spirit, the life of the mind, passes through alternate stages of decay and revival. So vast are the spiritual contents of the Christian faith, so plentiful its spiritual richness, so unbounded its wide horizons, that every attempt at classifying its priceless and countless gems, at clouding its sky with the fogs of human reasoning, will necessarily result in a lamentable failure. The schematism of the traditional theology cannot be an eternal one for non-eternal minds. It is impressed with the stamp of a given century; it is engraved with the date of its composition; it shows the hue, the patina of the century which gave rise to it; it is streaked with the blows of those human passions which reacted against its predominance; it hides in its fibers that germ of decadence which thwarts the efforts and undoes the work of our created minds. If the centuries are rolling on and carrying with them in a hurried flight the generations, the monuments, the ideas, the majestic temples, the golden idols, the sacerdotal castes, the philosophical schools, the seats of learning, the nurseries of superstition, even the civil and literary inheritances of highly polished nations, if time is all-crumbing and all-renewing, why do we wonder at hearing it said that in a like manner the creeds of historic Christianity, the magic formulas of a dogmatism gone out of fashion in the midst of modern Christian society, will be carried off by the waves of ages and swept away by the flowing stream of new religious conceptions? Into dogmatic definition which synthesizes the religious experiences, the theological views, of a dead world we need to breathe a breath of life of our own, a blast of modernity—impel a surge of thought which, so to speak, ceases moving in the dull

sky of wintertide day, but which merges itself into the radiance of the sun beaming in its noon glory.

But what is the true meaning, the true significance, of dogmas in Christianity? Dogmas, answers Merezhkovsky, are the chains of the spirit. Dogmatic speculations, writes Rozanov, in the same strain, are the corrosives of Christian truths. Dogmas are dead principles, lifeless clay, stones served as meals on the dining-table of Christians, the multiplication table of revealed wisdom. Dogmas broke the unity of the church; they drove a poisonous arrow into the heart of Christianity; they impaired and spoiled the virginal beauty of the Gospels. It is unwise to look at the church's Fathers as the pillars of truth. They were rather the Samsons that pulled down the majestic temple of the Christian faith. Their deadly influence deserves to be compared with that of an anatomist who produces a lethargic slumber in a living being in order to dissect it, to cut off its quivering members, to make of it an amorphous and bloodless mass of flesh and muscles. The Fathers of the church are the forerunners of Kant, the teachers of Strauss. Under their pen and in the twaddlings of their dialectical lucubrations Jesus Christ was stripped of his halo of divine sainthood. He was clothed with a philosophical garb and metamorphosed into a barren pundit hunting after uncouth technical words. The theologians of the period of the ecumenical councils are petulant disputers who give currency to their trifles as though they were the quintessence of Christian teaching. The Fathers of the church, with their quotations, commentaries, formulas, imprisoned the mind and stifled freedom of inquiry, and incited Christian legists to light funeral piles, to preach a blind obedience to tyrants, to strangle every free activity, both social and intellectual. According to Merezhkovsky, dogmas are a barricade set up against the onward sweep of the army that is bravely striving for the final triumph of progress and civilization. Theology has no more practical value in real life. Its crumbling ruins are to be ranged among the old garments or the skeletons of a prehistorical museum. Take, for instance, the mystery of the Trinity. It is a worthless riddle. Subtle controversies about the divine procession give no light to those who seek social improvement, or a reconciliation between

religious and scientific thought, or amiable relations between church and state. Christian truths are summed up like grammar rules; children are forced to imprint them upon their minds like magical sentences.

Prince Trubeckoi asserts that every pedantic rule, every dialectical garb, cripples the spontaneous movements of the spirit within us, and dogmas are like a goal which severs the divine Teacher from intercourse with men.

There is still another essential difference between the conceptions of dogmas held by the traditional and that held by the progressive theology. If in the theological system of the Fathers of the church and of the ecumenical councils dogma is a fossilized larva, a crystallized form, in the later theology it is a prominent factor of progress, an everlasting germ of vitality, an evolutionary force which, at the joyful warmth of springtide, makes green again the winter-hardened fields.

In fact, dogmatics, to borrow the definition of Merezhkovsky, is a vital knowledge which develops itself organically, and spreads out its roots, and expands its boughs, and invigorates its trunk, and multiplies its scions. It is, explains Minsk, an indefinite intellectual creation, an evolutionary process of new forms, a new aspect of the supreme and universal truth. The official dogmatic, conceived as a vast and intangible reservoir of eternal and immutable theoretical truths, as a mausoleum of infallible formulas, is not a building set up by God or a token of the intellectual vitality of Christian teaching. As a stable foundation of Christianity dogma should be an inner truth, a truth unveiling itself to the spiritual eyes of man, and, as such, a truth acting as a principle of Christian life. It is made up of two elements: the outward shell, viz., the formula of its expression, and the inward kernel, viz., its doctrinal contents. This latter element is the vital substance of dogma, the divine spark that illumines our minds. To force a follower of Christ to an idolatrous worship of dogmatic formulas would be to apply violence to the free spirit living within him.

The creeds, the dogmatic formulas, are not and ought not to be instruments of torture and obligatory rules. Every Christian is possessed of his own religious experience. The seed of the gospel

falls down from heaven into the soil of the individual conscience, and there it finds a fruitful earth which causes it to sprout and to assume a definite shape.

Since this is the nature of dogma, it would be unwise to look upon it as a fixed and changeless expression of a religious truth, as a mask giving to all members of Christianity the same countenance, the same smile, the same wrinkles. Dogma is, in fact, a spiritual truth begotten of the religious experience of each individual conscience. Its outward determination has therefore no substantial value; its moral necessity is dependent upon theoretical exigencies, which are the outcome of our education or the artificial rules of our disciplined mind. And since the theoretical knowledge of any Christian develops in both the individual and the collective mind, in a like manner dogmatic formulas, far from being immutable and fixed, follow the evolution of the conscience, both individual and collective. Thus, so to speak, they rush on into the never-ceasing circulation of the life of our Christian thought. In a given period of our development, in the historical life of Christianity, they are venerated and endeared as unchangeable axioms; in a later period they lose their old significance. A learned Christian also consents to formulas, but the sense in which he takes them is at variance with that of an unlearned believer.

Thus, the dogmatic conceptions of an uncouth Christianity differentiate themselves from the definitions of a perfected one. Each outside determination of faith is of merely relative value and meaning. Hence, it follows that the dogmatic definitions of the ecumenical councils suited the Christian mentality of that epoch and exhibited the watchword of orthodoxy. A Christian dogmatic crammed with Platonic reminiscences and modes of thought and with technical words is a timely outgrowth of Christian speculation in an age in which Platonism preponderated, but it is a glaring anachronism when Platonic thought sinks into oblivion and philosophers invade new fields of research and gaze at broader horizons. The mistake of the official theology has been that of considering and praising the Platonic garb of thought as the only and permanent formulation of the truths of the faith.

Christianity is an eternal and universal religion, and therefore its content is inexhaustible and not inexorably connected with formulas elaborated in a given period of its historical life. In every stage of its long-lived existence it puts forth many-colored blossoms which variously reveal the multifarious beauty of its lineaments and the richness of its treasures. It is an invaluable precious stone, the cuttings of which glow in varied flames as they reflect the deep green of the ocean, or the luminous blue of the Italian sky, or the pale rays of the moon.

And we may add to this that not only sundry periods of time have their peculiar formulas, but that Christians even in the same stage, in accordance with their intellectual variations, are differentiated from each other as concerns the expression of their beliefs. For instance, to the great bulk of the faithful who do not care for metaphysical speculations Christ is the Son of God; to the followers of Judaic traditions he is the promised Messiah; to the adepts of Platonism he is the Logos.

In matters of faith [writes Tolstoi] we are not able to find a formula which sets forth with an identical significance all the individual conceptions. Everyone thinks of his own; in compliance with his subjective criteria everyone gives a different meaning to the same formula. It is not only useless but dangerous to shut up the doctrinal variety of the Christian teaching within immutable formulas. No doubt some theoretical principles may rise to the dignity of perennial and universal formulas when they refer to the practical life; for instance, the commandment of God, "Thou shalt not kill," or the declaration of Christ, "Do not oppose evil." But in the domain of dogmatics there is nothing definite nor constant. The norm of faith is to be found in the individual believer, and the dogmatic theology itself is worked out by him.

Hence, it follows that dogma germinates and develops within the spirit of every Christian in proportion to his spiritual progress and the evolution of free thought in him. Like the truth which batters at the barriers of ignorance and explores new fields, Christianity, owing to the ceaseless labor of human generations, evolves its own life.

Such is, as we have summed it up, the Russian liberalism in its destructive form. It is a strong reaction against the exaggerated

formalism and the stiffened traditionalism of the Greek orthodoxy, against the superstitious overgrowth of the outward religion, to the great detriment of the inner life, against the letter which kills, to the great detriment of the spirit which vivifies. That reaction is needed whenever the religious feeling gets crystallized, whenever the religious life sinks into a mechanical achievement of ritual forms, into the unbounded adhesion to self-styled oracles of God, into a blind obedience to a tyranny which, while boasting of being inspired and guided by God, actually feels the sway of human passions and the influence of ignorance. The reaction of Russian liberalism owes its birth to the craving to shatter the material crust of Christian worship, to make plain that the religious feeling which springs out of the secret springs of our souls cannot be hemmed in by the dikes of formulas. In the irresistible straining of all the powers of the soul toward God, in the quickened throbings of the heart seeking after God, in the mystical fellowship of our spiritual being with the Deity that dwells in regions inaccessible to us, our religious consciousness throws off the yoke of legal determinations, the material of the Canonists, and, above all, the barrenness and narrowness of Phariseeism. In a similar way religious thought which in a flight of love aspires toward God, and upon the sunlit heights of the contemplation of God swims into an ocean of uncreated light, religious thought, I say, in the dazzling splendors of the divine Wisdom, gets rid of the rigidity of formulas carefully elaborated by skilful dialecticians and finds in the bosom of God hidden treasures. Religious feeling sprouts in mystery, lives in the shrine of mysteries, grows up and refines itself in the cloud of mystery, and any attempt to bring it down from the mysterious heaven which is both its throne and its source would be to transplant it into a craggy and dry soil where, in a short time, it would fade and die.

In conclusion, we can entirely subscribe to the just remark of Rt. Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, bishop of Ripon: "The moment a creed becomes scientifically measurable the religious power of it evaporates. Self is a sacred thing; and the religion which seeks to set it aside, rather than to lift it to true self-possession, has set the seal of doom upon itself."

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¹ We give the English equivalents of the Russian titles.